

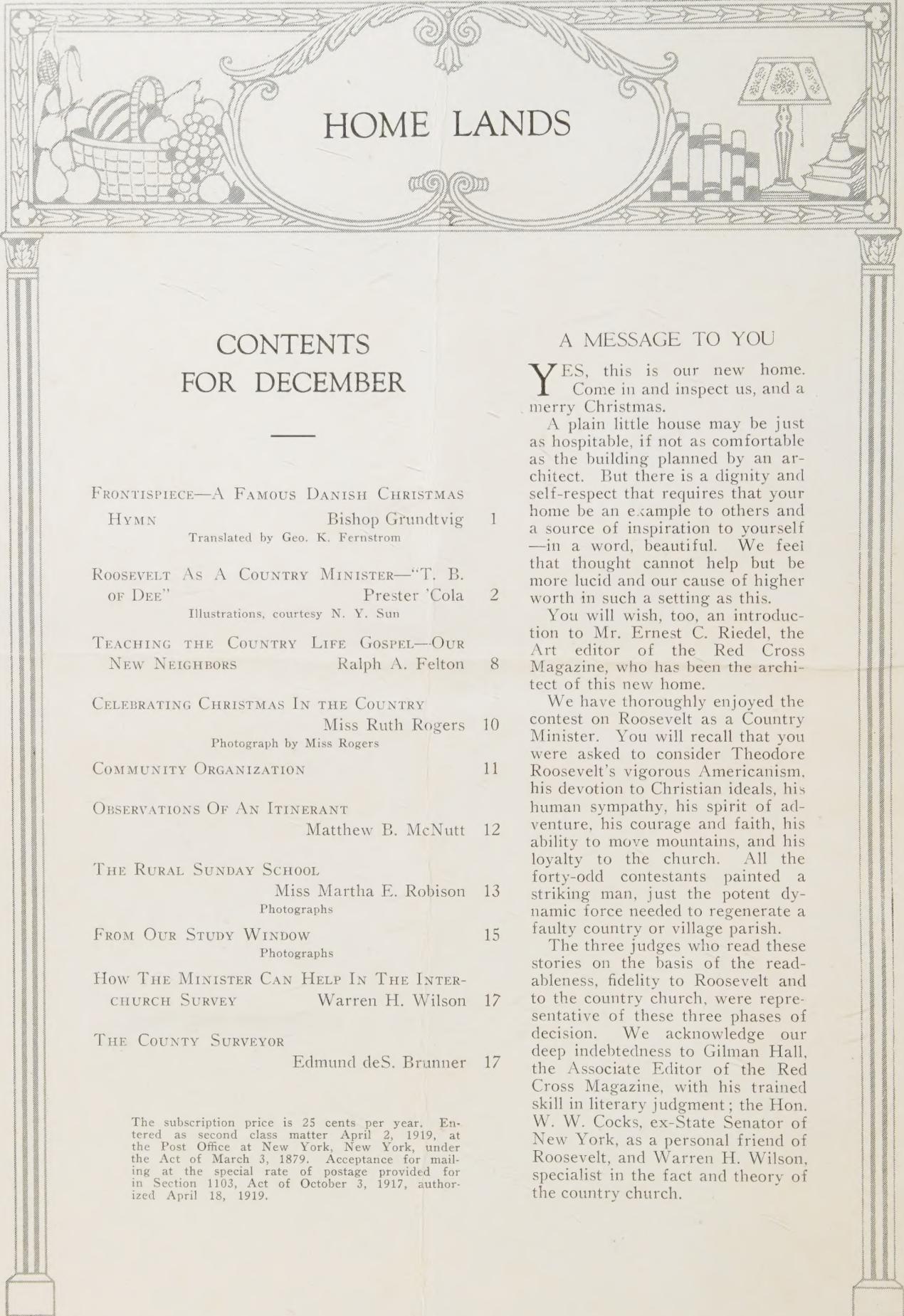
DECEMBER 1919

HOME LANDS

VOL. 1 NO. 5



The Prize Winning Story
ROOSEVELT AS A COUNTRY MINISTER



HOME LANDS

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A MESSAGE TO YOU

YES, this is our new home. Come in and inspect us, and a merry Christmas.

A plain little house may be just as hospitable, if not as comfortable as the building planned by an architect. But there is a dignity and self-respect that requires that your home be an example to others and a source of inspiration to yourself—in a word, beautiful. We feel that thought cannot help but be more lucid and our cause of higher worth in such a setting as this.

You will wish, too, an introduction to Mr. Ernest C. Riedel, the Art editor of the Red Cross Magazine, who has been the architect of this new home.

We have thoroughly enjoyed the contest on Roosevelt as a Country Minister. You will recall that you were asked to consider Theodore Roosevelt's vigorous Americanism, his devotion to Christian ideals, his human sympathy, his spirit of adventure, his courage and faith, his ability to move mountains, and his loyalty to the church. All the forty-odd contestants painted a striking man, just the potent dynamic force needed to regenerate a faulty country or village parish.

The three judges who read these stories on the basis of the readability, fidelity to Roosevelt and to the country church, were representative of these three phases of decision. We acknowledge our deep indebtedness to Gilman Hall, the Associate Editor of the Red Cross Magazine, with his trained skill in literary judgment; the Hon. W. W. Cocks, ex-State Senator of New York, as a personal friend of Roosevelt, and Warren H. Wilson, specialist in the fact and theory of the country church.

Glædelig
Jul.



154. Kirkeklokke! ej til Hovedstæder.

Andante.

H. Rung.

A FAMOUS DANISH CHRISTMAS HYMN

CHURCH BELL, lost in great and noisy city,
Thou wert cast for towns where far and nigh
All can hear whene'er a babe is weeping
Or a mother sings her lullaby.

WHEN a child I lived near fields and forest,
Like a heaven to me was Christmas morn,
Like an angel's voice, glad tidings bringing,
Told thy chimes of joy to mankind borne.

HIGHER still thy notes my soul uplifted.
When they rang with Easter-sun's first ray,
Chimed: "Rejoice, thy Savior has arisen!
Thou, too, rise in dawn of Easter-day!"

LOVELY, too, in harvest time to hear thee
In the evening hours with quiet blest,
List'ning, while thy heavenly voice comes floating
Over earth to call all souls to rest.

Bishop Grundtvig,
Translated by Geo. K. Fernstrom

The Prize Winning Story

ROOSEVELT AS A COUNTRY MINISTER

By *Prester 'Cola*

THE Reverend Theodore Blunt, better known as "T. B. of Dee," first drew my serious attention a few years ago in the little cross-roads post-office of Dee where I had stopped to inquire about roads. The mail had just arrived and the postmaster was lazily reading off the names as he clumsily sorted the contents of the sack.

A small crowd of typical country store loungers supplemented by farmers who had come in for their mail gave one-eared attention to the roll call while they took a listless part in the murmur of gossip and comment as one by one they received their mail and, selecting the newspaper first, read over the headlines.

A brief flurry threatened once to disturb the peace of the quiet scene. A farmer had opened a gaudily printed envelope of a well-known commission house and held up a short string of postage stamps.

"See what I get for two crates of chickens!" he growled, indignant, but not hopefully indignant. "The dirty robber says that six were dead, remainder in poor condition and a glut in the market spoiled the price."

Then followed a chorus of anathema—a spirited contest in which each expressed in the fullest rhetoric the things he wanted to do to any and all commission men. One of the least violent apparently wedded to orthodox traditions and shunning the pitfalls of originality, would have them drawn and quartered. A more ingenious and implacable hater would compel them to eat each day all the produce they reported spoiled. But all gave way before the superior attainments of that ruthless avenger who would have them chained within sight but out of reach of an endless file of farmers each one counting out a complete and honest return for his shipment.

At any rate it was agreed that some day somebody would have to do something about it, after which solemn but not very ominous resolution the squall passed and quiet resumed its former

THIS story, by Rev. C. W. Whitmore, an Episcopal clergyman of St. Mary's City, Md., or "Prester 'Cola," as he prefers, won the first prize of \$300 in the contest launched by HOME LANDS in May. Rev. Walter H. Bradley, a Presbyterian minister of Casper, Wyoming, was awarded the second prize, of \$150. The third prize of \$50 went to Edgar DeWitt Jones of Bloomington, Illinois, a Christian minister and an author of merit.

sway. A bluebottle fly buzzed through the murmur of commonplace talk, a screen door banged as someone went out. A rooster voiced his defiance of the world—from a distance. Another answered—from a greater distance. The postmaster took up again his interrupted roll call and all was peace. It was a parable.

Then a name was called which caused a significant stir of attention. It was barked out rather than droned in his former manner by the burly postmaster and there was an unmistakable trace of malice in the way he pronounced "Reverend Blunt," disdaining initials.

"Parson not here today," noticed one.

"Thought I missed somethin'!" chuckled another. "He usually drops in about this time for his mail and stirs things up a bit."

"Went down the road this mornin' with the county agent to speak to the corn club boys," explained a third.

"Aw, he makes me tired!" snarled a sour-looking individual from a dark corner where he had draped himself over some flour barrels.

"Ain't him as does that," chortled an old-timer from a seat before the empty stove into which he sent at regular intervals with astounding accuracy a marvellous stream of rich brown essence of cut plug. "Ain't

T. B. as does that, Abner, you've been tired ever sence I c'n remember."

And so they fell into battle array, one against the other, for and against Theodore Blunt. All listlessness was gone. Heated argument developed flashes of surprising wit and eloquence from these natural masters of debate upon whom alone seems to rest the mantle of a forensic past. It was impossible for a stranger to follow the full course of the argument but while some approved and some disapproved of him they called T. B. it was perfectly evident that all were interested.

Frequently I heard the expression, "Well what won't he be doing next?" sometimes in admiration, sometimes in disgust, occasionally in amusement and once it drew the retort, "You'll never guess it, but you can bet your last dollar without violatin' any scruples against games of chance that he'll be doing somethin'! by golly, he'll be doin' somethin'!"

"You said it, Dick Rudolph!" excitedly shouted one of the most active supporters of the rector. "He's a doer all right!" Then with a significant look towards the postmaster who had now finished with the mail and was idly lounging with his elbows on the counter, "I hear he's going after Tom."

A snarl from behind the counter. The postmaster straightened up and assumed a belligerent attitude. "Yuh hear that, do you? Yuh're jest bubblin' over with information, ain' cha? Now p'raps yuh'll go on an tell us why he's goin' after me?"

"You know why and so does everybody else!"

"Oh, everybody knows do they? Then why don't sumbuddy say sumthin' about it? Yuh got anythin' to say, No yuh ain't. Why ain't yuh? 'Cos yuh know I'll knock the teeth down the lyin' throat of anybody as says I sell booze, that's why! Now say sumthin'!"

But nobody did. The discomfited

individual who brought this storm upon them slunk out and one by one they all remembered urgent duties elsewhere and the store was emptied. I went too. I had dropped in for information and had struck a most promising vein of the very kind of knowledge I most desired, for I was studying country church work. I determined to look up the subject of the recent controversy, for it was evident that one of his partisans spoke truth when he said, "Whatever's needed to run a church he's got it!"

I went out onto the road which was also the main and only street of the village of Dee. Besides the post office which was also the "Dee Bargain House" there were two other stores advertising with poetic license "general merchandise." There was a mill, a blacksmith shop with a litter of broken implements and buggies before it, a dilapidated one-room schoolhouse, four or five private dwellings and the church, which with the parish hall and rectory stood in the midst of a well-kept yard, part of which was the cemetery for the community. The rectory beckoned with the cordiality of a real home reflecting a spirit of wholesome and robust friendliness within as it drew me into its hospitable porch.

The rector was expected home any minute. Wouldn't I wait?

I would.

I found the study an attractive room

revealing splendid catholicity of taste. Agriculture, sociology, economics, science and belles-lettres vied for honors upon the shelves with theology and practical church polity. Nothing lavish, but sound. There was no trash. I even saw what was evidently a collection of local flora and a pile of snapshots of birds. On the table were a few of the best magazines and standard reviews, some farm journals and recent agricultural bulletins. The desk was clear—correspondence evidently up to date.

In the midst of my enjoyment of this admirable workshop, I heard the rector himself approach accompanied by one whom I correctly surmised to be the county agent.

As they entered talking vigorously I understood why they called him "T. B." He was the physical counterpart of the great "T. R.". The resemblance was striking, in nothing more so than in the frequent use of the short arm jab as a gesture. After cordial greetings and introductions, my host asked to be excused while he completed some business with the agent, whereupon with notebook in hand they plunged into a mass of detailed planning and figuring that was bewildering. I was astonished not only at the wide extent and detailed nature of his knowledge but at the intensity of his interest in these things, which as I then thought, had no bearing on his own work. Good roads, thoroughbred stock, more varied rotation, a community picnic, cooperative buying and selling, market

conditions, a proposed short course in farm bookkeeping were the subjects of their absorbed consideration. As I watched them I became more and more convinced that he was the spiritual as well as the physical counterpart of the strenuous advocate of the strenuous life.

After the county agent had departed he returned to me with his cordial smile.

"Well Doctor, what good chance brings you here? You city clergy seldom honor us with your attention to say nothing of personal visits. What's on your mind?"

"Why, er-er-ah, I'm thinking of taking a country parish," I stammered, embarrassed at the confession.

"Good, but surely there must be a catch somewhere. The rector of an active and influential city parish does not resign to take up country work. It simply isn't done."

"Well, you see it's only temporary. My health has been poor and my physician insists that I must leave my exacting city work and take up easier work amid the quiet, healthful surroundings of the country. When my strength returns, I expect of course to resume my city work."

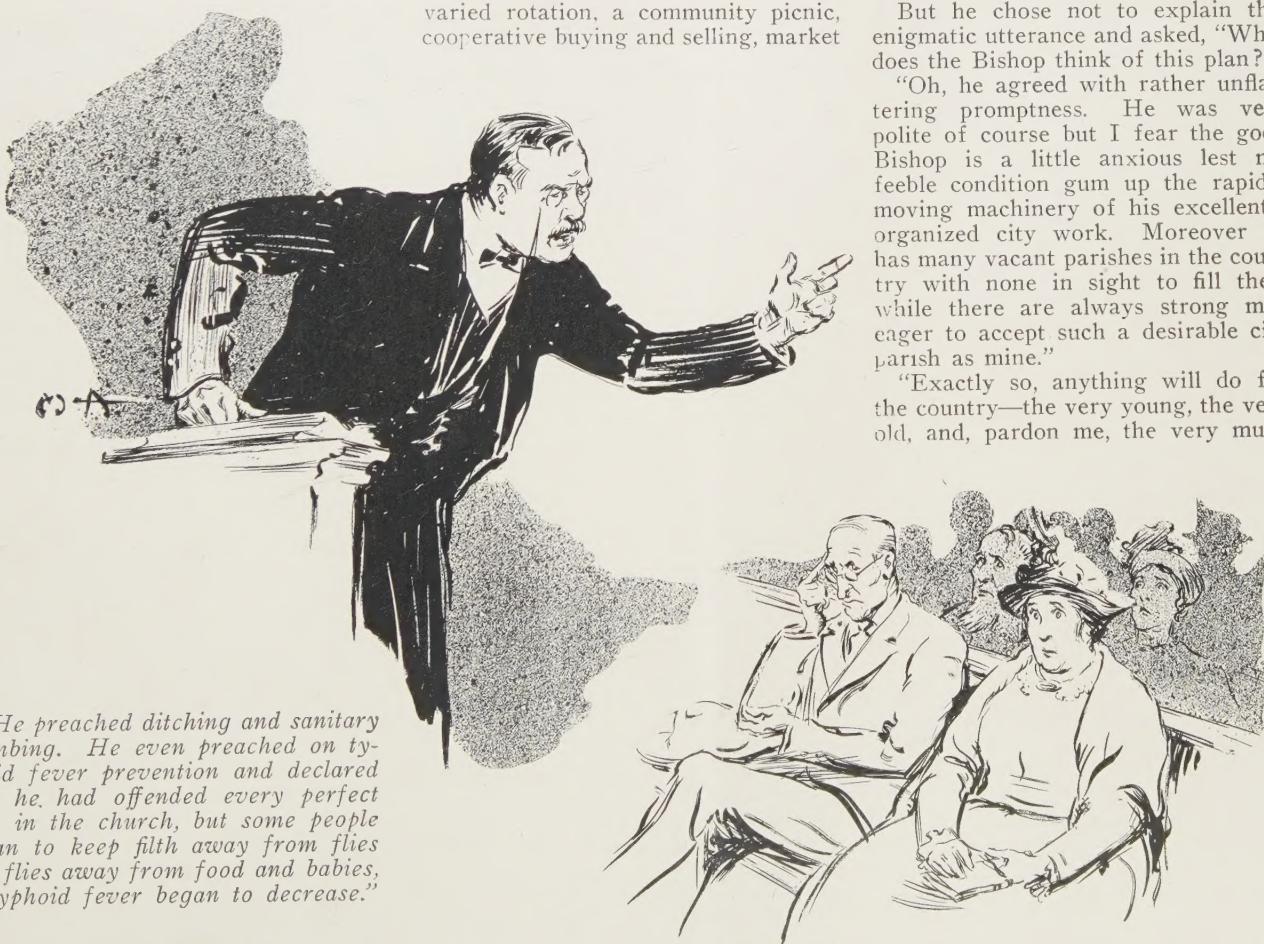
"Oh, I see. Use the country as a rest cure and then when you begin to be useful again take your unearned increment of health and energy back to the city with you and there waste it in riotous organizations. Old stuff!"

"EH?" inquired I.

But he chose not to explain this enigmatic utterance and asked, "What does the Bishop think of this plan?"

"Oh, he agreed with rather unflattering promptness. He was very polite of course but I fear the good Bishop is a little anxious lest my feeble condition gum up the rapidly moving machinery of his excellently organized city work. Moreover he has many vacant parishes in the country with none in sight to fill them while there are always strong men eager to accept such a desirable city parish as mine."

"Exactly so, anything will do for the country—the very young, the very old, and, pardon me, the very much



"He preached ditching and sanitary plumbing. He even preached on typhoid fever prevention and declared that he had offended every perfect lady in the church, but some people began to keep filth away from flies and flies away from food and babies, so typhoid fever began to decrease."

broken in health. Only the city is thought worthy of the great and expanding energies of the strong man."

"But isn't that perfectly natural?" I expostulated. "The country work is so elemental, the people so unsophisticated, the problems so simple!"

"I don't want to seem rude, but really you have this thing all wrong. If you are seriously thinking of country work it is important for you to get it right. Take dinner with us and I will ask you to make some visits with me this afternoon. I want you to see something of this simple and easy-going job of mine."

"Oh, please forgive my thoughtlessness! I meant no reflection on you. As a matter of fact I have often wondered why a man of your ability has persistently chosen to remain buried in the country when important city parishes were clamoring for him. Why do you stay?"

"I stay because I find here work to test every ounce of manhood in me; because I see here a great need and a glowing opportunity; because it is a splendid thing to shape the destiny of a whole community, to be in effect arbiter of a whole people's future. I stay because I find here people sick with isolation, dying with neglect and ignorance and nobody has seemed to think it worth while even to try to help them. I am staying here because the country is the backbone of the nation and if its backbone gets weak and flabby from poverty and disease, from ignorance and bigotry, then God help America! In short I am staying because it is a man-sized job and I like it better than running sewing societies. I've got a big fight on here and I want to finish it right and not run away. Don't feel sorry for me. I am neither a martyr nor a hero. I am having the time of my life!"

"There's dinner now. Let's eat."

And during dinner he told me about the fight. When he arrived in the parish he first made a survey of the neighborhood. He discovered alarming illiteracy, a more alarming disease and death rate and a most alarming immorality with a general lack of interest in everything. There were no helpful agencies. The schools could not be called helpful. They were miserable little dilapidated one-room shanties, ugly and dirty, presided over, rather than taught, by girls without even high school educations, who were paid only three hundred dollars a year for their well-meant but fruitless efforts. The three churches were generally vacant or served only by "supplies" during the intervals between episodic pastorates. On the other hand the country stores were for the most part a vicious influence, many of them being nothing more than loafing places for the idle and vicious while drinking and gambling went on with scarcely a pretense at concealment in spite of state-wide prohibition.



"Now that they see what a skulking yellow dog you are it won't be so hard to get the necessary evidence to bring you to court, and once in court there's no telling what a good cross-examination might dig out of your past."

He tried to fight illiteracy with consolidated schools and compulsory attendance but something blocked him on the verge of success. He fought the death rate by seeking the enforcement of state health laws and by promoting anti-fly and mosquito campaigns. He preached ditching and sanitary plumbing; he even preached on typhoid fever prevention and declared that he had offended every perfect lady in the church, but some people began to keep filth away from flies and flies away from food and babies so that typhoid fever and dysentery began to decrease and the frightful infant mortality diminished. But in general his campaigns failed. Every project involving cooperation and public expense was killed. He fought illicit pleasures by promoting decent amusements under church auspices, but while the young people were delighted there was much criticism. Once indeed a mysterious attack was made upon a church picnic and unaccountable accidents marred many of his attempts to draw people from public dissipation and secret philandering.

He became convinced that an organized effort was on foot to defeat his plans for the public good. It was obvious to suspect those store-keepers who were profiting by illicit drinking and gambling. Circumstantial evidence pointed to Tom Nearing, postmaster at Dee, as their ring-leader. The evidence was presented to the

State's Attorney, who pronounced it not sufficient to convict and did not warrant indictment. The attitude of this defender of the public's legal rights was suave but patronizingly discouraging. Blunt next planned to see the foreman of the Grand Jury. He was going there after dinner and I was asked to go along, which I did. This simple and quiet country life was developing unexpected sources of interest.

We found the foreman in his office back of his home, where he published the single county paper. There was no need for an opposition paper. The opposition party couldn't read.

"Hullo, parson!" greeted the editor, a tall, knobby, loose-jointed, carelessly-dressed individual of lazy manner but dominant personality. "What's doing now? Want me to clean the county politics or only swab out the well-known Augean stables? You only have to ask, you know, we strive to please."

"All right, Wat, I call you! Tell me how to get Tom Nearing and his gang of bootleggers."

"Seen the State's Attorney?" inquired the foreman-editor with a smile.

"Yes, I wasted that much time, unfortunately."

"He used to handle all of Adrian Rudolph's law business until old Adrian thought he could do it more effectively as State's Attorney."



"So that's it! But how does Adrian Rudolph figure a profit for himself in protecting Nearing's business?"

"You didn't suppose for one minute that Lazy Tom had enough capital to finance the job, did you? His bunch of worthless plow-dodgers couldn't finance a new religion, which is about the cheapest enterprise I know, the birth rate having risen considerably since Barnum estimated it at one a minute."

"I begin to wake up. Thanks. I'll see the Honorable Adrian himself."

"Better not."

"Why not?"

"Oh nothing much, only he's a crab and it would only mean an unpleasant scene with nothing to show for it."

"But I'm fond of crabs," replied T. B.

"But this one is a very bad crab—look here, parson," he went on after an awkward pause, "I like you. You're doing good work, preaching crack-a-jack sermons and rounding up us old backsliders. We all like to have you drop in and we can make you mighty comfortable. We like to have the church open and the parson on hand to marry and bury us, and the church work keeps the women folks from interesting themselves too closely in our affairs, reforming the brutes. Why not let it go at that? Plug along in the old easy way. There's more to this other business than appears on the surface. Tom

Nearing is a bad egg, hard-boiled, and he left his former home back in the mountains rather suddenly—besides, Adrian contributes one hundred dollars toward your salary."

"Oh, can that stuff, Wat! What are you trying to hand me, a bribe or a threat or both?"

"Keep your shirt on, parson, no offence intended! I only want to let you know how things stand. I'm glad to see you're a he-person. Sometimes makes me almost admire religion, King Agrippa stuff, y'know. You must excuse us if it takes some time to get adjusted to your style. You see we're sot. We like to see things going on the way they always have, and the parsons we've been used to haven't mixed much in public affairs. They were nice, dignified and pious gentlemen and they were generally mild or ineffective or else they didn't stay long. I want you to stay very long and I'm going to help your game, but watch Tom Nearing. He never plays fair."

That week he wrote a strong editorial on lawlessness that cost him six subscribers and two ads.

On our way to the home of Adrian Rudolph I heard all about this rural autocrat. He was the richest farmer in the county but had not made his money farming, and as a farmer he was an excellent collector of first mortgages. He was also the very silent partner in two commission

houses in the city which waxed fat by the gentle art of paying small strips of postage stamps for large consignments of produce. In farming he followed the popular method of squeezing the last atom of fertility out of the land without putting anything back. His motto was, "Let posterity look out for itself."

His neighbors hated him with a hatred made up of equal parts of righteous indignation, envy and fear. He was feared because in addition to his financial power through mortgages, actual or potential, he was a political power of sinister influence. He controlled the negro and "white trash" vote and in local elections could generally keep things in his own hands however the state and national tickets fared.

His son, Dick, whom I heard defending T. B. that day at the post office, was his father's antithesis. He was as generous as his father was "careful," as unselfish as the other was eaten with self-interest. Again whereas the father was himself a total abstainer the son was a roysterer tank, a constant customer for Tom Nearing's brand of general merchandise, and his favorite greeting was, "What'll you have?" Accordingly he was the idol and hero of the black population, to whom indeed he had shown many favors besides supplying them with drink.

We found Mr. Rudolph at home, and he greeted us with a cautious reserve.

"What do you want?" His intonation gave us to understand that whatever it was he was just out of it.

"I want to enlist your active support in the fight I am going to make against the vicious influence of the stores in this neighborhood which are nothing more than public gambling dens and illicit barrooms."

Mr. Rudolph smiled a relieved smile. "But surely there is nothing illegal going on. The State's Attorney tells me that the unpleasant rumors going around are entirely unsubstantiated by any legal proof. We mustn't give too hasty credence to idle gossip. Rest assured the courts will take care of all violations of law."

"But the courts are not doing that very thing and apparently do not intend to do it. The sheriff complains that there is no use making arrests, the case is dismissed and he is in bad. The foreman of the grand jury tells me that the State's Attorney blocks the indictment of any liquor offenders."

"Are you criticizing the administration of the present State's Attorney?"

"I am—emphatically!"

"He's a friend of mine, sir!"

"So I understand. That's why I have come to you."

"I am not responsible for him or his acts."

"I have heard that you are."

There was a scarcely perceptible start and a tightening of the mouth as Mr. Rudolph grasped the import of the clergyman's accusation. Then with crisp, nervous tautness:

"If you have come here to insult me you may consider that you have accomplished your purpose. If you are really trying to ring me in on any of your fool activities you have not. I advise you to confine your efforts to building up the church. You are serving tables, sir, leaving the Word of God, sir, to serve tables. Remember that I contribute generously towards your honorarium though not a member of your church!"

FLUSHING with indignation, T. B. replied, "Your advice would be more highly valued if it were not thrown in as part payment on your subscription to the church. Please don't assume too much credit for that hundred dollars. You get your money's worth. If it were not for the remnant of Christian public sentiment preserved in this community by the church you would long since have been lynched by your devoted neighbors.

"As to my 'fool activities'—you complain of financial loss by the constant removal of labor to the city. You complain of further loss from the ignorance and incompetence of such labor as is left. You complain that a half sick, uneducated, poverty-stricken and ineffectual population gives the county a bad name and hurts your business and it does. But when I try to remedy these conditions with my fool activities your influence hampers me at every turn. And why? Never mind answering, I'll tell you why. Because you're penny-wise and pound-foolish, because you are the heaviest tax-payer and begrudge the few dollars these improvements would add to your tax bill, because you draw fat dividends from crooked commission houses and fatten yourself on the need of others and because you are adding to your nasty pile the dirty money that comes to the backer of Tom Nearing's lawless trade!"

"Stop right there!" shouted the furious money-lender who had all along been vainly trying to register his protest but had been swept aside by the torrent of words and the furious indignation of this modern Elijah. "Stop!" he repeated, "you call me a criminal!"

"Well, isn't that the word? You rob the very land you have robbed others to get and cut down your own profits by doing it. You imprison behind mud roads against their will hundreds of souls who are yearning for freedom to go and come and to see their fellowmen and you increase your own cost of hauling and limit your own business by so doing. You drive labor away by blocking progress and you corrupt what is left. You slander the county and wonder why you never get top prices for your

products. You are to blame for the impression that no good thing can come out of this Nazareth. You hurt others, but yourself most of all and now you talk of my fool activities. I have given you a chance to help undo some of the harm you have done. Now I am going out to do it myself. Good-day!"

The cold, hard old reprobate was visibly shaken but made no reply. White with anger he sat down and gazed rigidly off into space, elaborately pretending to ignore his accuser, but his thin small mouth became thinner and smaller and spasmodic clenching and unclenching of fists betrayed the fighter eager to strike.

After we had started away in Blunt's car I ventured a gentle exhortation over what seemed to me a costly fit of temper. This man could have helped the church so wonderfully if handled with tact. But this unaccountable clergyman explained that it was not a fit of temper. Every community, he went on, has some disease; sometimes it is diffused and one can afford the time for gentler methods, sometimes it comes to a head in one person or a group of persons as in this case. "We have an acute and malignant attack of Adrian Rudolph and there is no time for soothing syrup. The poison is spreading too rapidly. Symptoms indicate an operation and I am about to operate."

WE drew up in a cloud of dust at the Dee postoffice and T. B., jumping out, hurried into the store. There was a suspicious shuffling as if something were being hastily concealed. As I entered the store at the heels of my friend the atmosphere left me in no doubt as to what was being concealed.

"Tom Nearing," began Blunt at once, "do you realize how much harm you are doing to this whole county by the sneaking business you are conducting?"

"Whacha mean, sneakin' business? The postoffice department ain't what it might be these days, but I never heard it was sneakin'!"

"Ah, comedy, as I live! But I'm here to ask you if you intend to stop selling rotgut to these poor imbeciles."

"I don't sell whiskey an' I've said I'd bust the man wide open that says I do!"

"Well, I say you do and I stand here waiting to be busted wide open!"

"If you wasn't one of these here damned sissy parsons I'd use you for a mop!"

"Don't mind me! Heaven knows you need a mop around here."

"You get out'a here 'fore I soak you one!"

"Soak is the word that best fits your business and what I want to know is are you going to stop willingly or do I have to stop you?"

With a roar the burly postmaster was over the counter and menacing

the smaller but sturdy clergyman, who did not stir.

"Well," said T. B. as the other hesitated, at a loss before this man who would not run or cringe before his threatening bulk, "when do I get soaked?"

"Yuh lyin' hypocrite, yuh, I'll have the law on yuh for slander! If yuh was a man 'stead of a parson—"

"Oh shut up! You don't fight because you're yellow! I know your kind. You think you're bad but you're only spoiled. Spoiled by the cowardice of men who think that a hulking body means a big man inside. Now that they see what a skulking yellow dog you are it won't be so hard to get the necessary evidence to bring you to court, and once in court there's no telling what a good cross examination might dig out of your past."

A suppressed snicker gradually grew into a loud guffaw as the feeble-willed loungers realized the completeness of their former tyrant's discomfiture. He now turned on them with a furious outburst of threats, but it was the feeble snarling of a toothless dog.

"Can the rough stuff, Tom! The parson's give us your number, all right. We likes to see a bluff neatly called and we aims to enjoy a good laugh at your expense."

"It's the only thing we ever had at your expense at that," put in another, "in spite of all your guff about givin' away drink."

"Give away—hell," laughed a third, "the only thing Tom ever give away was a bad breath."

"Yes," simpered a clownish mimic. "Buy a yard o' calico for one dollar and four bits and have a half pint thrown in as a present pervidin' yuh fergit to take the drygoods along. Or p'raps a feller pays up a fake bill amountin' say to five dollars and has a quart presented as a token of esteem to the honest customer from the relieved storekeeper. You're a generous guy all right, Tom. Better put a padlock on your thirst or you'll give it away and there won't be nothin' left."

"Aw, give the devil his due," shouted another, whom I recognized as Dick Rudolph. "He just gave away his most cherished possession. Didn't you see him hand the parson his goat?"

AND so it went until the humiliated bully fled from his own store swearing mighty oaths of vengeance.

T. B. abruptly turned and left the store, his jaw set and a look of grim satisfaction on his face. I followed in some trepidation. It seemed to me that there might be possible danger in antagonizing so vicious a creature. As we drove to the rectory my mind went back over the exciting events of my own ministry in the city. There was the time when the soprano soloist threatened to resign and disrupt the choir. A feeling of revulsion came

over me. I saw that there was something vital about this man's work that had been noticeably lacking in mine. My vestry quarrels, my guild dissensions, the jealousies and conflicting ambitions of the city clergy looked very trifling to me now beside this real conflict of elemental forces. But I was uneasy about my friend.

That night about eleven o'clock T. B. received an urgent telephone message to come to a dying child, son of a parishioner who lived at the head of Dee Creek, deep in the woods of "Banks O' Dee" farm where he was lumbering for the absentee owners. The road into this place, Blunt explained, was one of the sore spots in the quarrel between himself and Adrian Rudolph. It was impossible most of the time for anything except ox-carts and as it leads also to a farm Mr. Rudolph had recently acquired by foreclosure, T. B. had urged him to take a lead in having it repaired. His efforts however were unsuccessful.

While my host was getting out his car, Dick Rudolph came tearing up on horseback and urged him not to go. He said he had heard through some of his black friends that the message was a fake and that Tom Nearing was planning to trap him in the woods and have him beaten up by a gang of tough niggers bribed by gin.

T. B. called up the store from which the message came and was assured that the child's father himself had sent the call and seemed anxious. We determined to go in spite of the warning of poor Dick whom we assumed to be under the influence of liquor. I insisted upon going along for company, although T. B. urged me to stay and rest up for my trip home the next day. This country church work was getting more and more absorbing.

WE sped down the state road for several miles and turned into the woods road that led to our destination. The going was now very rough and very slow. Twice we were stuck but managed to work out. Finally we had to abandon the car and proceed on foot and I could see in the bright moonlight that here and there some crude attempts had been made to fill in the mudholes with brush which only added the foul smell of decaying vegetation to the other unpleasant aspects of the road.

I now began to recall Dick's warning and to hear strange noises in the woods. After a while I mentioned this to my companion who laughed and said it was "city slicker's ague" common to all flat-dwellers when away from the arc-lights and trolley cars. I pressed on, reassured but not convinced. I felt that we were being surrounded. Then my heart jumped and stood still. I heard an unmistakable rustling of leaves and crackling of twigs.

"Nothing but a cow rubbing off the mosquitoes," laughingly assured T. B., and by way of verification the silence

of the night was shattered by the round and billowing complaint of the lonely lady bovine thus shamelessly advertising her grief to an unsympathetic world. The penetrating uproar echoed and reechoed away among the trees and silence again kept us ominous company.

Suddenly T. B. motioned me to his side, at the same time indicating caution and maintaining his steady stride. As I drew closer he said under his breath, "There is a gang in there, after all. On the right. But don't let on you see them yet. They probably plan to attack at the new cut where retreat would be difficult. Before we get there we pass an old gravel pit full of water and they will be between us and the edge of the pit. Let's rush them there. We'll have the advantage of higher ground and they will be on the uncertain edge and not expecting an attack. Here's a monkey wrench. I have a jack."

THREE was a magic in this remarkable man which put courage and unnatural strength into my flabby body. I grasped the unusual weapon with a joy that surprised me, for the mere thought of physical combat had heretofore been repellent. Now, however, I was eager for the signal. There was something maddening in that skulking, unseen foe that called to high heaven for punishment and I felt myself the minister of high heaven to inflict that punishment. I know now that it was the reflected attitude of T. B. that gave me this thought.

Then the woods opened a space and the road was bordered by low bushes only, beyond which I could see the water of the gravel-pit shining in the moonlight.

"Ready?", enquired T. B.

"You bet," I replied, astonished at my use of this slang of a former generation.

"Charge when I yell."

With that he let out the most blood-curdling noise I had ever heard and plunged through the yielding brush at a group of crouching, shadowy forms most of whom straightened up and fled in confusion but a few stood in blank amazement, uncertain what to do under these unlooked-for circumstances. A blow from T. B. sent one sprawling into the water of the pit. To my utter astonishment I sent another scrambling down the crumbling bank. Something very hard butted me in the midribs and with a grunt my left arm instinctively closed around a woolly head upon which I began a somewhat feeble tattoo with my wrench.

I was borne down into the bushes still holding tight to the head and still beating at it with my waning strength until finally I realized that even as water by constant dripping will eventually wear away the toughest stone, so the apparently impervious head of my antagonist had yielded to the repeated blows from my weapon. He was unconscious but I was pinned into the

bush by his huge and helpless body.

From this absurd position, I saw T. B. send another blackguard into the pit and rush to meet halfway the rally of those who had fled at the first attack. The odds were hopeless and I vainly struggled to free myself to go to his assistance. I despaired of the safety of my new friend who was now dearer to me than life itself. It is a way he has of binding men to him.

THEN in the depth of my despair, a new voice came out of the woods and I saw the battle halt and remain still as I made out the words, "I'll shoot the heart out of the first nigger that moves!"

Nobody moved.

Then Dick Rudolph emerged from the other side of the pit and made his way to us. There followed a flow of language which I shall not set down here, though it warmed my heart at the time. After the storm had spent itself and our would-be assailants had all slunk away, Dick turned to us and said,

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but mules and niggers understand only one kind of language and there are times when you've got to make them understand."

Then he explained how he came to be there. After we had refused to listen to his warning he followed as best he could on horseback until he came to a bridle path which furnished a short cut through the woods. He turned in here and made for the place of ambush, anxious lest he be too late. Lurking in the woods on the way, he encountered Tom Nearing who fled on being recognized. Then hearing T. B.'s warwhoop he made for the scene of battle and effected the timely rescue.

I was for turning back now, but T. B. insisted on going ahead to make sure about the sick child. We found it really sick. The plotters had evidently known this and had made use of the circumstances. T. B. ministered to the child and to the despairing parents with gentleness and sympathy, giving to the sick the Blessed Sacrament of divine healing, and to the parents the comforting assurance of effective prayer.

As we made our way homeward we were astonished to hear faint cries for help where the road turns down the creek towards the new farm of Adrian Rudolph. We made the best of a very difficult way in the direction of the cry, Dick forging ahead. Presently we saw him stop and go through the motions of one overcome with mirth, while inextinguishable laughter filled the night air.

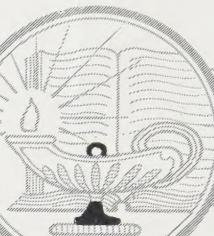
"Come on quick!". he shouted between laughs, "Look at the old man!"

"Why, Gov'ner, old top, I never expected to find you in such a condition!"

"Oh, shut up your impudent gab!", snapped the voice of Adrian Rudolph, "and help me out of this!"

(Continued on p. 16.)

TEACHING THE COUNTRY LIFE GOSPEL OUR NEW NEIGHBORS



By *Ralph A. Felton*

AS the transplanting of a tree every year stunts its growth, the changing of a religious home each year makes a dwarfed Christian. Four out of ten of the farmers in the United States are tenants, one million moving every year. In 1880, 25 per cent of our farmers were tenants; in 1890, 27 per cent; in 1900 33 per cent; in 1910, 37 per cent. Between 1900 and 1910, land more than doubled in price and it has been going up steadily since. This has made it harder for a man to own his own home. Most leases are for one year, consequently in every community people are always moving in and moving out. The first six months of their stay they are trying to get acquainted and the last six months they are getting ready to move. This keeps them from having a church home as well as any other kind of a home. God's law for Israel provided for each family to own a home. This made the Israelites a settled class of people and a great religious nation.

THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL WERE LAND HOLDERS

AFTER the Israelites crossed the Jordan into the Promised Land they became a settled class of owners. Each man had his portion of land. When property was sold it reverted to its original owner in the year of jubilee.

1. "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof; it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return unto every man his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family.

2. "And ye shall not wrong one another; but thou shalt fear thy God; for I am Jehovah your God.

3. "And the land shall not be sold in perpetuity; for the land is mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with me.

4. "If thy brother be waxed poor, and sell some of his possession, then shall his kinsman that is next unto

him come, and shall redeem that which his brother has sold.

5. "But if he is not able to get it back for himself, then that which he hath sold shall remain in the hand of him that hath bought it until the year of jubilee; and in the jubilee it shall go out, and he shall return unto his possession.

6. "But the field of the suburbs of their cities may not be sold; for it is their perpetual possession.

Lev. 25: 10, 17, 23, 25, 28, 29.

7. "So shall no inheritance of the children of Israel remove from tribe to tribe; for the children of Israel shall cleave every one to the inheritance of the tribe of his fathers.

Numbers 36:7.

8. "Moreover, the prince shall not take of the people's inheritance, to thrust them out of their possession; he shall give inheritance to his sons out of his own possession, that my people be not scattered every man from his possession. Ezekiel 46:18.

Ahab forced his neighbor to sell him some land, contrary to the divine commands of God.

9. "And it came to pass after these things, that Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel, hard by the place of Ahab, king of Samaria.

10. "And Ahab spoke unto Naboth, saying, 'Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near unto my house; and I will give thee for it a better vineyard than it; or if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money.'

11. "And Naboth said to Ahab, 'Jehovah forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my father unto thee.'

12. "And Jezebel, his wife, said unto him, 'Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? arise, and eat bread, and let thy heart be merry; I will give ye the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite.'

13. "They proclaimed a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people.

14. "And when the two men, the

base fellows, came in and sat before him, and the base fellows bare witness against him, even against Naboth, in the presence of the people, saying, 'Naboth did curse God and the King.' Then they carried him forth out of the city, and stoned him to death with stones.

15. And it came to pass when Ahab heard that Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose up to go down to the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, to take possession of it.

I. Kings 21: 1, 2, 3, 7, 12, 13, 16.

There is no question but that God disapproves of one man getting rich at the expense of a less fortunate neighbor.

16. "Woe unto them that devise iniquity and work evil upon their beds! When the morning is light, they practice it, because it is in the power of their hand.

17. "And they covet fields, and seize them; and houses, and take them away; and they oppress a man and his house; even a man and his heritage.

Micah 2: 1-2.

THE AIM OF THIS LESSON IS

To Help Us Treat Newcomers
As Neighbors

"And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not do him wrong.

"The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be unto you as the home-born among you, and thou shall love him as thyself; for ye were sojourners in the land of Egypt: I am Jehovah, your God."

Leviticus 19: 33-34.

Tenants may be just as religious as owners. They often are more so. But their moving from one community to another is hard on their church.

In a study made by the Presbyterian Country Church Department it was found that in four counties in Northwestern Ohio that one out of every three families in that section were tenants and only one out of every eight of the church members were renters.

MOVING AWAY FROM CHURCH

WHERE did you go to church this morning?" I asked an Ohio farmer one Sunday afternoon.

"I haven't started going since we moved here," he said apologetically.

"How long have you lived on this farm?" I asked.

"Nearly a year now," he continued. "I don't really know whether we would be considered church members now or not. Nineteen years ago when we were married over at Big Orchard, my old home, I was an officer in our Presbyterian Church there. My father owned a 400-acre farm. He would have been glad to have had me stay right there and work for him as long as he lived. But I didn't see it that way. I would rather be a renter on someone else's farm than a hired hand on my father's farm. Down in Springfield, where we moved, we went to the Methodist Church, but we didn't join. We were only renting and I knew we would soon be moving away. We rented another farm and moved farther down the creek. There was another Methodist Church there. They asked us to join. Wished we had now. I always helped support the minister and when they bought their new organ I paid as much as anyone. Well, we kept moving, until now I have bought this farm. Want to live here all my life, and what's more, I expect to send every one of my five children through college. I suppose our church letters are no good any more. Do you know how we would go about joining now? I suppose we would need to go to the mourner's bench and be converted all over again, wouldn't we?"

"Not if you profess to be Christians," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I don't want to be bragging, but we've had family prayers at our house ever since we've been married except one year when I had some trouble with one of my neighbors."

Another time when I was calling in Texas, a woman seated me on a keg and my wife on the only chair, saying:

"Hope you won't mind the looks of this house. I've gotten used to it. Besides, I seldom see it in daylight in cotton choppin' and cotton pickin' time. So it doesn't make much difference how it looks."

"Where are you in cotton choppin' and cotton pickin' time?" I asked.

"Out in the field. Where did you think I was?"

"What makes you work so hard, you and Mr. Hadley?"

"So we can buy a farm of our own some day."

"How long do you think it will take you to earn enough money, chopping and picking cotton, to buy a farm?"

"Good Lord, it'll take somebody smarter 'n me to figure that out."

And she was right, but nobody in that community was working on that particular problem. Although their landlord was an officer in the church, he had never worked on this particular problem. The pastor of that church lived in another community and came there only to preach, so he had never tried to figure out how long Mr. and Mrs. Hadley would need to work before they could own a home. Sixty-eight per cent of the farmers in that neighborhood were tenants, just like Mr. and Mrs. Hadley.

But there is another side of the story:

"Bob, why don't you buy a farm of your own instead of renting all of your life?" a rural minister once asked an industrious tenant farmer in his parish in Tennessee.

"I've been savin' for eighteen years," said Bob, "ever since I was married, just for that purpose. But it seems just like I can't get enough ahead. Get along fine sometimes and then a bad crop comes or a horse dies. The fact is I've been saving for eighteen long years and now I have only a span of mules, one mare and some cows and chickens."

"Bob, I'll help you buy that farm. We'll buy it in partnership. What do you say?"

In a few days Bob and that rural pastor were driving around in that neighborhood together. After a week they bought a little thirty-nine acre farm. Bob took "the papers" of the farm home to his wife and she read them, her eyes filled with tears. Her husband had worked no harder than she for their home. Bob and his wife and their two children seem to be doing better since they have moved on to their own place. They have all joined the church and he was recently elected road supervisor of his district.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

THERE is no use stopping at that house," said a rural minister to me.

"Why not," I asked. "Doesn't anyone live there?"

"Nobody but tenants," he replied. "I never call on them any more. I used to, but it doesn't pay. By the time I get acquainted with them and get them attending church, their lease expires and they move out of the community. I just haven't the time to waste on them."

They might not have been worth as much to the church as old residents, but the church would have been worth more to them than to anyone else in the neighborhood. They needed the church more than anyone else. Jesus said, our 'neighbor' is he that is in need of us. 'Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him?' And he said, 'He that showed mercy on him.' And Jesus said unto him, 'Go and do thou likewise.'

Land owners should give tenants long leases and provide them with

better houses. Thrift and land ownership should be encouraged by the church.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION IN CLASS

1. Should a pastor pay less attention to the new-comers than to the old residents when he knows the new-comers will only be in the community a year or two?

2. Whose duty is it to call on the new-comers?

3. Are there any new-comers in this community?

4. Which is the better, provided the tenant is satisfactory, a short or long lease, for the tenant? for the landlord? for the farm?

5. Why is it renters are not church members in as large a proportion as owners?

6. Did the Ohio renter who gathered his wife and children around the family altar for eighteen out of nineteen years do better than most owners?

7. Whose fault was it he did not join a church those nineteen years?

8. Why does a man take more interest in his school and church if he owns his farm than if he is simply renting it?

9. So many families in a community, like Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, are decreasing the membership in our rural churches. Whose fault is it?

10. Can a landlord make more out of a tenant by holding him down or helping him up?

11. Why is it when a man rents his farm and moves to town, the fences and buildings soon get into a bad condition? Is it due to the owner's stinginess or the tenant's carelessness?

12. Did the minister who helped Bob buy a farm make a mistake in getting tied up in financial matters in his parish? Should he give all of his time and energies to his "regular work"?

13. Since farm owners belong to the church in larger proportion than tenants, should the church help men to become owners? How?

14. What are some of the things that would make people want to own a farm and live all their lives in one community and build up better homes, better schools and better churches?

This Lesson Teaches That

1. The Israelites were a race of land owners.

2. If they did sell their farm, according to the divine commands, it reverted to its original owner in the year of jubilee.

3. This settled condition of the Israelites helped them in building up a great religious nation.

4. God punished Ahab for land grabbing and will punish anyone who takes advantage of a neighbor in order to enlarge his own farm.

5. Getting a home in this world and in heaven are man's two great desires given him by his Creator.



Why does Little Brother plan his Christmas needs so eagerly? Do our Christmas customs breed selfishness?

Aunt Serena thinks that the children's toys are as essential to their growth as their bread and milk.

Celebrating Christmas in the Country

By Ruth Rogers

AUNT SERENA was stitching yards of gay material beside her blazing fire. "I'm makin' costumes fer our Christmas entertainment," she said. "We're goin' to have a play this year. Ther's nothin' folks turn out to like a play, an' we can carry the Christmas message a lot further that way than we could through any sermon.

"After the play we'll have our Christmas tree an' Santa Claus. Now the war's over, we shan't have to feel compunctious 'bout givin' the children all the playthings in reason. I can't say's it ever bothered my conscience much, war er no war. It's the children's day, an' if we bestowed all our goods to feed the poor an' the Belgians, an' didn't make it a happy day fer our own little ones, bless 'em, I guess the Lord'd say, 'This ought ye to have done, an' not to leave the other undone.'

"Seems's if Christmas meant more in the country than it does in the city; not way down in its deeper meanin' but in the celebration. When I was a little girl I used to be glad Christmas came in the first month o' winter so's we could have the Christmas playthings to play with an' the Christmas books to read all through the rest o' the cold weather. It makes a bright spot just where we country folks need it most. In the city there's plays an' movies all the time an' no end o' things to see an' go to, an' Christmas don't stan' out, one big thing fer little folks an' big folks, like it does in the country.

"A lot o' work? 'Tain't work so much as 'tis givin' ourselves at Christmas, an' without that our celebration wouldn't count much. Last year I had a Christmas postcard from a friend I'd been wantin' to hear from fer months, an' ther' wa'n't one thing on that card but my address an' her initials. 'Twouldn't 'a' took much more time fer her to say, 'I'm gettin' a dozen eggs a day,' er 'The baby's got two teeth,' an' I'd 'a' felt 's if I'd re'lly heard from her.

"Another friend sent me a little folder with a snapshot o' herself lookin' out across the hills, an' a little poem she'd copied fer me. The name of it was 'Hills,' an' from the first line to the last,

"God give me hills to climb
And strength for climbing,"

it might 'a' been written fer this sweet friend o' mine, who climbs her own hills so courageously, an' never is too far above er below to help all the rest of us climb ours. That was an ideal Christmas greetin', not only because the one that sent it lives Christmas all the time, an' every thought of her warms the heart, but because she put herself into the message, an' that made it real Christmas givin'.

"We've got to get Christmas inside of us 'fore we can really celebrate it right, whether we're churches er just folks. That's the way to live Christmas."

COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION



A NUMBER of calls are coming in from communities that desire to form some type of organization for the common good which shall be under the auspices of the churches of the community. Sometimes a community house project lies back of this. Almost always some type of interchurch organization is called for. The Rural Church Branch of the Survey Department of the Interchurch World Movement has moved to meet the demand for help from such communities and has definitely allotted this type of work to one of the members of the staff.

FINE PRODUCT OF THE WAR AT WOODSTOCK

THE cooperative clubs developed by the Farm Bureau in Shelby County, Tennessee, might be of help to associations seeking a simple but successful organization, developed during the war primarily for food conservation by the Memphis Chamber of Commerce.

The Woodstock club met in an abandoned two-room school-house, repairs for which were furnished by the Board of Education and work on it done by the people. The men did the carpentry and painting, and the women cleaning and planting flowers, and spreading a good dinner. Most of the furniture was donated by merchants for advertisement. One room was furnished as a library or reading room with stage at one end, the other with oil stove, china cabinet and small tables, also used for dancing.

Constitution for Tri-State Cooperative Clubs

Art. 1. The Name of this club shall be Woodstock Cooperative Club.

Art. 2. *Purpose.* The social, mental, and moral improvement of the community. Improvement of the farms and homes of the neighborhood. Promotion of community interest. Cooperation with all other agencies.

Art. 3. *Membership.* Any person sixteen years of age or over in the vicinity is eligible to membership.

Art. 4. *Officers.* 1. There shall be the following officers: president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer.

2. The officers shall be elected at the annual meeting of the club to serve for a term of one year each.

(The Woodstock Club had a Board of Directors consisting of the officers and four committee members.)

Art. 5. *Meetings.* The annual meeting shall be held during the first week in October and the regular monthly meetings the first Monday of each month.

Art. 6. *Dues.* There shall be no dues or membership fee, each member giving his services and cooperation.

Art. 7. *Committees.* There shall be eight standing committees, viz.:

Education, to cooperate with school. Sanitation, for community clean-up. Civic Beautification, creating sentiment for attractive grounds in vicinity and charge of club grounds.

Recreation. Membership. Marketing, to cooperate with Farm Bureau salesman. Home Economics. Publicity.

THE FACTORS IN COMMUNITY CENTER ORGANIZATION

IN response to questions about the running of a community center, we are giving you extracts from the Department of Education Bulletin on Community Centers. . . . "The center seeks to broaden the basis of unity among men, to multiply their points of contact, to consider those interests which all have in common."

"In the organization of a community center the essential factors to be considered are its membership, its size, its executive officer, its board of directors, its finances, and its constitution. . . . It must be non-partisan, non-sectarian, and non-exclusive. You do not become a member of a community center by joining. You are a member by virtue of your citizenship and residence in the district. . . . The function of the community secretary is

nothing less than to organize and keep organized all the community activities. . . . The first function of the board of directors is to give council and advice to the community secretary, to act as a little forum for discussion, out of which may develop wise methods of procedure. Its next function is to share with the secretary the responsibility of the work."

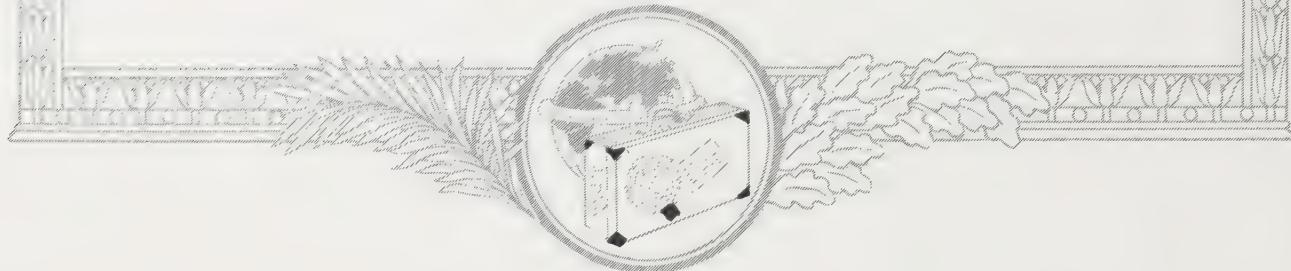
THE TROUBLE COMMITTEE PROMOTES DISCUSSION

IT is not so difficult to organize a community center; the difficulty is to keep it organized. A good way to formulate a wise and constructive program is to appoint a permanent committee which we shall call 'the trouble committee' is problem making. For example, why are country-bred boys leaving the farm in such large numbers; is farming a profitable industry; to what extent is the food of the country produced by the unpaid labor of children; does it pay better to rent or own a farm? For the most part, this committee holds the key to the success or failure of a community center."

"Money is a detail and ought always to be treated as such. Each department of activity ought to be self-supporting. . . . Partial voluntary support by the community insures local autonomy. . . . The constitution is a working agreement, a clear understanding as to what is to be done and who is to do it. In starting a community center an organizing committee should be charged with the task of drafting and submitting a constitution. If several weeks were spent on the task both in committee work and public discussion the time would be well spent. Of course it is possible for a committee to work over and assimilate another community's constitution until it becomes its own . . . It is better for the people to make their own, either by drafting a new one or adapting others to their needs, even if it is not so well done as somebody else could do it for them."

OBSERVATIONS OF AN ITINERANT

By Matthew B. McNutt



WHY is it increasingly difficult to secure ministers for the open country and village churches?

The reasons lie, first, with the country and village folk themselves. Rural people are no longer satisfied with preachers of mean or average ability—they want the best. Farmers read and travel more than they once did and they are in touch with a larger range of ministers than they used to be. They have said to me, "You see we farmers get into our automobiles every now and then and go to hear the big town and city preachers. So we know what good preaching is."

Again, much more is demanded of the rural minister than in years past. The country preacher is now expected to be a community leader and builder as well as a gospel preacher and church advocate.

On the other hand these farmers are often not willing or able to pay for the kind of preaching they desire. They want a \$3,000 man for \$1,000, not realizing that to get the value they covet they must pay the price. Then there are always petty whims to overcome: "He is too old," or "too young;" "His voice is too weak or too strong;" "His sermons are too long." These are trivial things but they enter into the difficulty.

A second difficulty in getting ministers for country churches lies in those ministers.

Here are some of the questions preachers commonly asked when sought by a country congregation: "Is there a school?" "Is there a high school?" "Does the church provide a manse?" "Has the manse modern conveniences?" "Is the climate good?" "What is the salary?" "How many preaching points?" If these questions cannot be satisfactorily answered the minister refuses to consider the field.

Ministers as well as congregations have whims: "My wife's folks live in Illinois and we want to be near them;" "My mother-in-law is to live with us and she does not want to go far from her old home in central Indiana!"

"My wife is city reared and she will not live in the country."

A third reason which makes it difficult to get ministers to go to the country, especially young ministers, is the contemptible attitude which obtains in the church regarding the country ministry. A young minister just out of the seminary said, "I would like to go to the country church but I fear it might compromise my chances of getting into a city church later." If a young minister remains long on a country field he is branded as an inferior man. The underrating of the importance of the country work by the leaders of the church is responsible for this unholy and unjust attitude.

What is the solution of the difficulty?

1. Let the church at large magnify the importance of the country work, and put it in the first rank where it belongs.

2. Let district, seminaries and supply committees seek to place the strongest men possible in the country fields and to encourage the best men to take up the country work as a life work. A chairman of a location committee in one of our leading seminaries, a senior, said to me last Spring, "This seminary does not want the stronger men to go to the country churches, because," said he, "it wants these for the larger churches that have influence." A certain seminary professor wrote to a vacant country church, "I wish to recommend the Rev. So-and-So of (a certain city) for your church. He is a good man but a misfit in the city. However, I think he will do well in the country." Why send the misfit to the country? If a minister has the elements of success he will succeed anywhere.

3. Ministers must not be so concerned about their own and their families' personal advantage and comfort as to forget the welfare of others who live in the country under hard conditions. The need and the possibility of doing a great and indispensable service should far outweigh the deprivations. Heroic effort and self-sacrifice will soon make things right in

the country and such are altogether becoming exponents of Christianity.

4. Appreciation and recognition of distinguished service rendered by those working in the country will do much towards keeping them at their posts and inspiring others to undertake similar work.

5. A campaign to educate the country people to support an adequate ministry. It would be money wisely spent to subsidize a few well-equipped ministers in the country to show what an adequate leadership can do.

6. The strong town and city churches could do much towards securing and maintaining a suitable minister for the country churches by lending their moral and financial support to the rural churches in the vicinity. In doing this service they would be saving themselves, for this help would be as "bread cast upon the waters." Besides, they would be discharging a debt which they owe the country people. The farmers help to create the wealth which accumulates in the large towns and cities quite as much as do the town and city folks themselves and they contribute to the leadership of the great centers. Yet, under the present arrangement they receive no direct returns from either. The country folk need and want no special favors.

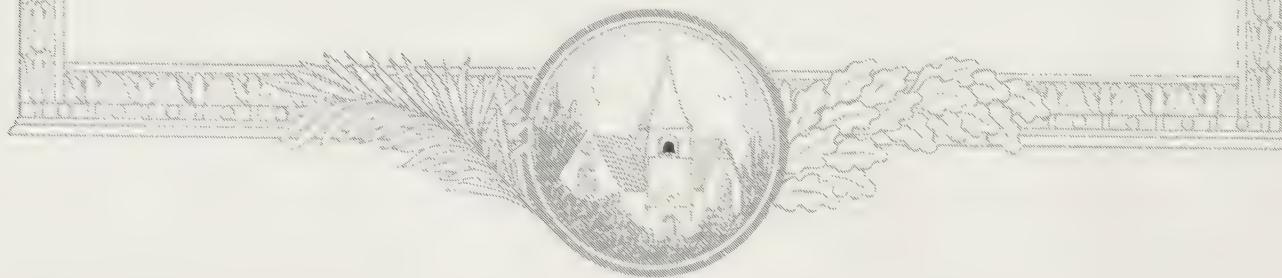
A Classroom Minus the Dullard

A marked characteristic of the Summer Schools for Rural Ministers this year was the determination on the part of each minister to make his church really count in definite service to its community and to the world. In eight years I have helped conduct these schools I have never seen men so insistent upon constructive programs of service.

This new desire to do may be attributed to a consciousness of the needs brought on by the war, together with a growing conviction that the church ought to "be not only hearers but also doers of the word." And what a joy it is to see a group of earnest rural ministers, after years of toil in the church, back in the classroom. No lot of school boys ever enter upon a term with more vim than these ministers.

THE RURAL SUNDAY SCHOOL

Edited by Martha E. Robison



CHRISTMAS may be made the child's outstanding day in the Sunday School year, bringing home many of the lessons of the life of Jesus to old and young alike. In planning its activities, workers have an opportunity of rendering beautiful service to members of the school, to local residents, to neighboring charitable or other institutions, and to Christian work at large.

CENTER YOUR CHRISTMAS SERVICES ON THE STORY OF CHRIST

BEAR one thing in mind, above all others: *Magnify the Christ Child*. Whatever may be told to children or introduced into services at school or at home, concerning the Christmas myths, the Sunday School should confine its plans and its services to that which pertains to the real Christmas story in all its truth and beauty. Through it alone will your pupils lose self-interest and seek to give pleasure to others.

The Christmas service may include in the program every department of the Sunday School. Make this service as impressive and sacred as possible. Many of the old Christmas carols and hymns far outstrip in beauty any modern song in any of the commercial services. Plan your own program, selecting here and there that which will appeal to the finer natures. Use much scripture and see that it is memorized, not read. Train the participants carefully. If hymns and scripture are used they may be incorporated into the work of the Sunday School sessions for some weeks previous. Make the church decorations simple and dignified. If any evergreen or other natural material is at hand eschew the flimsy and oftentimes tawdry paper decorations furnished commercially. Omit from the service any "treat." Separate that from the Christmas service and bring it in at a later event. Let your people rather honor "the new born King" by gifts to Him through others in need.

The Young People's Division may add a beautiful touch to the season in the community by carol singing at the coming of Christmas morn. Select

a few of the beautiful old English carols, practice them until they have been thoroughly learned, then start out in automobiles, at midnight, going from home to home, singing at each.

Do not let your younger pupils, at least, forget the children in far-away lands—those whose lives are not brightened by the knowledge of the Christ; at some time during the various services give them an opportunity to do something for these children. Perhaps an offering at the special Christmas service may be taken for this purpose. If so some missionary features should be incorporated into the service. This feature may also be introduced into the Sunday school session nearest to Christmas, when the Christmas lesson is studied. From now on begin to develop the real spirit of Christmas and let its climax come at the time of your special Christmas service. Plan your work with the idea of inculcating a desire to serve others as a means of honoring the Babe of Bethlehem, and then give opportunity for concretely expressing the desire in action.

AN ALL-AROUND NEW YEAR'S SOCIAL

THE average country Sunday School does not make enough of its opportunities for bringing the community together socially. New Year's Eve furnishes such an opportunity, embraced by one school practically.

The pleasant home of the superintendent was thrown open for a "Watch-night gathering". It was decided to appoint five committees, each responsible for one part of the evening. The first was a reception committee, whose duty it was to greet and put at ease every new arrival. The responsibility of the second committee began at eight o'clock with the most entertaining and literary musical program it could arrange. The third committee took charge of matters at nine o'clock. Its task was to furnish a good time with games and stunts. The fourth committee provided refreshments at ten o'clock.

The final hour of the evening was in charge of the fifth committee,—

a genuine watch-night service, conducted by someone with a deep concern for the spiritual life of the school. Such an evening as this might well be a joint social event, if the community contains more than one Sunday School, and will always be successful.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE FARM BUREAU

AFARM bureau places at the disposal of the farmers throughout the country an extension representative.

The presence of the farm-bureau agent in a county is of great importance to the country church and Sunday school. The country church should be self-supporting; it should be so liberally supported by its membership that it commands the respect of the entire community. Its property should adequately meet the needs of the neighborhood to which it ministers and may well become the most attractive spot in the region. The building should be erected with the manifold needs of the church in mind and surrounded by well-kept grounds. Means of lighting and heating should be modern. The Sunday school's equipment should be the best obtainable. Above all, the pastor's salary should be sufficient to enable the church to insist on having a man whose qualities will win the respect of all classes in the neighborhood and thus render his leadership of largest value.

All these things mean money. Obviously, the people cannot give money unless they have it. The more money that the farmers realize on their investment of capital and work, the more can be given in support of the church and its work. Right there is where the farm-bureau agent comes in. If he helps to increase land values and productivity he is bringing about an economic advancement that should be reflected in church finances.

There are various ways in which the Sunday school may closely co-ordinate its work with the farm bureau. If possible, a representative of the Sunday schools of the county should be a member of the bureau.

One county in which the president of the bureau is actively engaged in the county Sunday-school organization united the two community forces with which he was connected in a series of demonstrations held under the direction of the home-economics division of the farm bureau. A series of meetings held throughout the county to demonstrate methods of food preparation were made successful largely because each Sunday school was made responsible for the meeting in its locality. The Sunday-school leaders advertised these meetings, furnished special numbers on the program (such as music), and made arrangements for the comfort of the speakers and of others coming from a distance.

Some headway has been made in inducing Sunday schools to co-operate in community fairs or exhibits held in many localities in connection with the farmers' meetings. Exhibits from these Sunday schools including hand-work; photographs of schools, classes, and groups of workers; photographs showing various recreational and service activities, such as the annual picnic, clean-up day at the church; views of the interior and exterior of buildings and grounds; photographs of delegations to conventions and institutes; specimens of work accomplished by boys' and girls' clubs;

These little girls of the Cedar Grove Presbyterian Church in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, are preparing on a beautiful summer day for the Christmas which will come in the mission Sunday Schools of the far west. These Tarlatan stockings will go with money to buy nuts and candy.

programs and printed matter; clippings from local papers, giving publicity to Sunday-school work; and statements of work done for various causes such as the Red Cross. Such exhibits might also include sheets or charts showing graphically records of attendance, school growth, and offerings to missions and other causes; collections of clippings, bulletins, etc. (such as agricultural or missionary study), gathered by the school as reference material; pennants, certificates, and awards granted the school for proficiency of any kind; Cradle and Home-Department rolls; rolls of honor; charts prepared by certain groups of the school as a result of a study of some phase of community life; and plans for the church grounds, either actual or projected.

On some occasions rural Sunday schools have taken the initiative in holding community meetings. The writer recalls one notable instance in which a Sunday school planned and

held a meeting in a somewhat backward community, thus opening the way for the farm bureau to do effective work in the neighborhood. The meeting was largely attended. Incidentally, the Sunday school won much larger support from the people of the neighborhood. In another case a series of meetings covering the county was held by the Sunday schools, under the leadership of the county and district associations. There was no farm bureau in the county, but the State College of Agriculture furnished one of its strongest field men. The outcome was the enlistment of the Sunday school forces in a movement to establish a bureau in the county.

In carrying out any plan of co-operation between the Sunday school and the farm bureau, every division of the Sunday school should be enlisted, not simply the members of one department or class. For this reason the work should be directed by the general officers or by a committee representing, in addition to the administrative officers, every division of the school. If a community meeting is being planned, some of the little folks in the Children's Division may be especially interested in helping to prepare the exhibit.

The S. S. Journal, M. E. R.

The "Help Somebody To-Day" Class in the Upper Furnace Run School are not any more afraid of snow when Sunday School calls than when it is a party. This is a union Sunday School in a Pennsylvania school-house, where preaching services have been held for years without a pastor



FROM OUR STUDY WINDOW



AN elder in a certain church was arrested by the civil authorities, charged with selling impure and adulterated milk, and was convicted and fined. During the court proceedings he was so angry that he became very profane. Afterward his church authorities brought him to trial for conduct unbecoming an elder. The charge was that he used profane language in public. The fact that he sold impure milk was not considered as having any bearing upon the question or any relation to his standing as a Christian or an elder. And yet we wonder why some churches are so sterile and lacking in power!

WE ARE ALL NARROW MINDED

IN reading over the stories submitted in the contest under the title, "Theodore Roosevelt a Country Minister," one was impressed with the number of writers who described a country church with one dominating officer who had to be fought. In one or two the heroic parson licked the church boss with his fists. These writers evidently believe that a chief trouble in country churches is narrow mindedness in its dominant leadership.

But narrow mindedness is the only comfortable style in which to live. No man is as big as the Gospel. No one really "gets religion." He hears the call of God's Spirit, but does not hear all the Spirit calls him to. And different men hear differently. So one man has one thought of God; another a contrary idea. It has been so since the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians was written, and will be so until the Apocalypse becomes out of date at the end. To be narrow minded is natural for us poor mortals. It is the way of least resistance and greatest efficiency.

When we acquire sense with years we see this and settle into our special work; but the young are just as narrow, only they do not acknowledge it to themselves. For real breadth and tolerance give me a Calvinist of sixty rather than a college sophomore. The sophomore is passionately narrow

HOME LANDS

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minded, but thinks himself broad. The older man knows he "sees only in part," and his heart, therefore, is kind.

It follows that we who really believe something are called evangelists, propagandists, experts, preachers, or are imprisoned in some other term to which we are sentenced for life.

But in a congregation this means opposition and clash among church officers. Small churches are too often torn to pieces by good people who see things differently. Too often one man comes out on top who has the force behind him of money out at interest, old family, aggressive manners, or some other power in reserve. The country church suffers from one-man rule because it has so seldom a pastor. Think of the rural county in Tennessee in which there is only one resident pastor. Remember the Ohio Survey which found in thirty-one counties only four churches in a hundred that had a resident pastor giving all his time to a country church! Naturally the narrow mindedness that is in us all and our faculty of seeing only half the truth results in one man ruling a church like that. He is too often nominated by his wealth or hardness of heart.

But narrow mindedness is for each person comfortable and natural. The significant thing is that the meeting point of all our narrow minds is the doctrine of regeneration and the service of the Gospel. In winning souls we come together.

The remedy by which the church—

which is the soul-winning agency—may be held together is thorough organization of the congregation. We hope by means of the great denominational movements like the Methodist Centenary and the Presbyterian New Era to organize the congregation and center it upon the aims of the church. This will give room for many men to be leaders. In multiple leadership is the solution of the one-man church evil.

The pastor must for this purpose gather around him several persons. They should be the officers of the church, but are not always. In a country church I knew they were a prayer group who studied the Bible for an hour each week, and discussed the community for a half hour, and then prayed together before they parted. Another church I knew had the leaders of the congregation in the official board, over which the minister presided.

Each of these persons should be head of a line of work in the church. Concerning that line, each should in turn report the matters for which he is responsible.

DEMOCRACY IS THE SOLVENT

THE pastor should not report or propose work, or promote any given line, but should preside and see that each man is respected in his special service, his proposals heard, considered and acted upon. The man himself, so far as possible, should be entrusted with carrying out the perfected plan.

The lines of work which a church has for possible leadership are: church finance, to be reported on by the treasurer; missions, to be reported on by that man who in every church "has heard the world call"; Sunday-school work by a man who, usually a different type, idealizes the training of the children in the Bible; young people and recreation, by a man of happy, sympathetic spirit; buildings and property, by a practical man who will look after repairs, as well as entertain tactfully the proposals that come for secular use of the church build-

ing; and community service, by a farmer or mechanic whose heart is afame with the love of God for the poor.

In my own experience I have found it well to give each of these leaders two committee members to serve with him in different matters, but he seldom has need to use their advice, as most of the problems are routine cases. The list may be extended greatly, as all work of church and community comes into common discussion once a month. This body or "Board of Leaders" meets at an appointed hour and, after prayer, proceeds to report each in given order upon the situation in their fields, with recommendation of action, if any is desired.

The method will destroy bossism by the boss, good or bad, except in those cases in which he requires a licking, for which situation I have no advice to offer. Each of those cases must be handled on its merits. From some of the immovable communities the Master commanded us to withdraw and wipe off the dust of the place as a testimony against it. There are communities also to-day which should be boycotted publicly by ministers. If they were abandoned to their unhearing obstinacy there would be pastors enough to fill all the vacant and willing churches.

The Gospel is greater than ever, but there is no evidence that the mind of man is larger than in the time of St. Paul. The work of a minister, therefore, is irenic. He must bring men together and hold them in solid fellowship.

W. H. W.

T. B. of Dee

(Continued from p. 7)

Then we saw.

His car had gotten hopelessly mired in one of the deepest, smelliest mudholes in the entire woods. After spending a large part of the night calling for help he had tried to get out and walk. One of his slip-on shoes soon yielded to the irresistible attraction of the clinging mud and could not be found. Twice he had stumbled and fallen into the mess. He was reeking with noisome muck from head to foot, front and rear, and now he was down to the thighs, stuck tight.



Only the thorough organization of the congregation can make a successful field day or picnic that every boy will clamor to have repeated next year

"So you were in on this thing too?" said T. B.

"I don't suppose that I could convince you that I was not," said the unhappy old skinflint, "but it's true, nevertheless. I warned Tom Nearing when he came to me with his wild plan that if he went through with it I would have nothing more to do with him. I am no angel, but I certainly am not a thug!"

"Oh never mind," laughed T. B., "We won't worry about that. But now about this road? I don't suppose you would like to have this thing generally known? You don't look exactly dignified, you know!"

"Blackmailer!" said old Adrian with a suggestion of a chuckle. "But when do I get out of this?"

"When you promise us a new road. Do we get it?"

"You do."

"Do we get consolidated schools?"

"I daresay."

"Do we have the law enforced?"

"Look here, young man, I am wet and cold, and I must say I don't smell like a garden of magnolias. I want to get out and I want to keep out of this mess and all other messes. If you can forget this whole incident I can assure you of my support of your whole tom-fool program."

T. B. was bubbling over with enthusiasm as we helped extract the old man from his predicament, but Adrian only answered, "Now don't think I'm getting pious. I've had lots of time to think to-night and I've figured that there are dividends in your schemes without the danger that comes from dealing with blackguards."

* * * * *

AND so the light came to Dee. It was only the glimmer of dawn but it promised to be a large day. Threatening clouds still impended and there were many who kept their shutters barred against the spreading dawn. But the light came and it showed the way to better roads and better schools, to better farms and better homes, to better men and better women, yes, and it showed the way nearer to God.

A ray of it shone upon a half-broken, dazed but hopeful victim of misapplied zeal, and he caught a new vision of useful service. It took five years to transform Presbyter Urphanus into Presbyter Agricola, but here I am.

"Why, yes, didn't you know? I am Prester 'Cola, the farmer-priest of Dee. As for T. B. of Dee, why, he is now the Bishop of a large rural diocese out West and we will simply have to create the office of Archbishop soon. He's going strong!"

These stories furnish an interesting body of data on community evils as well as an impressive tribute to the man Roosevelt, treated uniquely at times in verse, dialogue, and in one well-written story by a woman in her seventies, daughter of a country minister, and this her first literary effort.

December, 1919

Home Lands

HOW MINISTERS CAN AID THE INTERCHURCH SURVEYOR

1. Treat it like war service. You served the nation in war time. This survey grows out of the war. It is a movement to arouse Christian forces awakened to their national power by the events of recent years. You were awake during the war. Keep your eyes open and fight on.

2. Put yourself in line for the survey. Write to the New York office, 894 Broadway, and get the name of the State and County Surveyor. As soon as the county man is appointed, watch for him, and write him to offer your services. If he is dilatory, remind him; and if he is discouraged cheer him up. Without your cooperation this national survey cannot be a success.

3. When the County Committee comes to your community, give all the help you can, devote your time to the survey man or woman. Make appointments for them. Go calling with them. Put your auto or horse at their disposal, if they need help in getting about. Offer your telephone. Introduce the survey man to the people in your community who know. Be the diplomatic representative of the survey and give your time freely to completing their information about your neighborhood.

4. Other people will have to testify, and you will know who they are. The number is not great, perhaps five or six in your neighborhood. Line them up for the surveyor and prepare their minds for his coming. Give them to understand beforehand how important this national movement is.

5. Prepare your own mind. Think of our national duty to the world. Remember that the Home Survey is matched by a study of the needs of the world. This is something that was never attempted before. Realize the significance of your community giving information in a study of the whole world. It brings your church into a national and a world movement. Be ready to magnify the church—which is often taken lightly—as an expression of the mind of God who “so loved the world.” Pray for the survey, for it means to the church what the League of Nations means to America.

6. Prepare your people beforehand by a sermon, and promise to tell them about it afterwards. When it is past describe the actual effect on your mind of the analysis of the local community, the array of causes and forces, the estimate of the community in the light of world movements of the Spirit of God. Preach to your people on “the organization of a community to serve the world.”

7. Work with other ministers to enlist their interest. Some will be indifferent. That is because they do not know about it. Some will be opposed. It will do you good to plead

with them for a national Christianity. Recall to them that the churches in America have been mostly planted by national forces. Tell them that American national bodies, like the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions, have given the organized, Christian gospel in churches and schools and hospitals to every land of the earth. It is these national bodies in whose offices the American flag is on every wall that are going to solicit their help and to offer them help.

8. Be prepared to tell the surveyor about neglected sections near you and about any eccentric religious movements. The surveyor ought to know of all localities in which irregular, ecstatic and physically violent religious movements are being carried on. They arise in places neglected by the churches because of poverty, despair and loneliness. They are as dangerous as Bolshevism. Only the work of godly, devoted people and the attention of the whole church can heal these hurts. It is now possible for the local pastor to bring the organized service of American Christianity, by united effort of all the churches, to bear upon these conditions. But they must be reported faithfully to the surveyor and it is not to be forgotten that he is without the means of knowing them beforehand.

9. After all questions are answered—and not before—the minister should tell the surveyor about unevangelized areas, new settlements, lumber camps, deserted villages, mountain towns, and sparsely settled regions where there is no church.

10. No method of survey can be perfect. It has to be at its best uniform. But the experience of the country is known to the man who lives there and if the survey schedule does not record everything, it is the business of the minister to offer information. And the information he has to offer about religious neglect is likely to cover the weak point in the survey. Every national movement can be wholly adapted to local conditions. This is where the minister can render a peculiar service. Remember that the back of every leaf of the survey schedule is blank, in order that as much unexpected information may be written down there as the survey is provided to secure.

WARREN H. WILSON.

THE COUNTY SURVEYOR

THIS issue of HOMELANDS goes to several thousand workers who are assisting in the nation-wide rural church survey of the inter-church World Movement.

These volunteer workers are the most important links in the chain by which the results are finally presented to the country. Without them it would be next to impossible to gather accurate data. Only on such accurate data can the program be based which will rouse the American churches to their obligation over against the de-

velopment of strong, virile churches upon the land.

In Dr. Wilson's article on this page, he states the attitude toward the work, the approach to it. Admittedly it takes time. It is not easy. Nothing worth while ever is. And yet, if each man could sit in the national office day after day and out of all the confusion of organization see gradually forming the facts in the case, it would be an inspiration. Here is a county surveyor, pastor of three churches and doing advance work at college, who has found time to assemble the data for a county. Out of two well-defined unevangelized areas discovered, one of some 350 to 400 souls was composed of people who had moved into a northern state from the southern mountains. They were misunderstood, unknown, deserted by their neighbors. He found another community of 2,100 souls where two little churches, until recently without a resident pastor, were ministering to but five per cent of the population.

The programizing conference in this county has been held. Steps have been taken to minister to the unevangelized areas. Machinery has been set in motion whereby a Home Mission Board will increase the resources and staff of the churches in the community that is being so little touched.

Has it been worth while to that county surveyor to do this? Project your imagination into the years ahead. Picture the results of adequate ministry to these localities—the comfort, the strength, the joy, the power for consecrated living that will be achieved. Then remember that these instances are but two of a score of interesting problems that were discovered in one county of 30,000 people; situations into which the church can enter and must enter soon or admit defeat, for in this county twelve churches have been abandoned within the last three years. It has been worth while to take this survey. It will be just as valuable in the other three thousand counties in our land. Apart from the somewhat selfish advantages of a better understanding of the principles of country church work, every surveyor will have the deep satisfaction of having done a piece of real Kingdom service.

It is a great fellowship of service, this of the county survey workers. By these facts the Christians of our land will be driven to their knees that not by might, nor by power but by the Spirit of the Lord these things may be accomplished.

I send my greetings to the county survey men. I wish that I knew every one of you. Without you we will fail. The home mission agencies of our churches are depending upon you for the greatest advance this country has ever seen in the name of the Christ. And I know that you will not fail.

EDMUND DE S. BRUNNER.

Your Church the Community Center

PICTURE to yourself a saloonless neighborhood—a rumless city—a sober nation—and you can almost see a millenium. But can you? Is a saloonless community in this day and generation not rather like a vacuum? What is to take the place of the saloon as a social center? Rum had to go, and the saloon with it, but what shall fill the void?

Is Your Church Equipped to Do It?

Not one Protestant Church in a thousand is open more than a few hours a week, and then it offers little that attracts the people who now are non-church attendants.

Why shouldn't your church be a community center?

It can be just that, and we will tell you how it can be a *self-supporting* community center, and how you can be a power in your neighborhood.

Pictures—the Universal Language

Search the catalogue of every form of entertainment and we defy you to find anything that can or that does attract so many and so many kinds of people as do the "Movies." You know that if you could attach this illimitable power to the activities of your church, you would fill from 50% to 100% of the vacuum. It is not challenging the truth to say that the movies are the most potent *unused* force in the world today to harness up to the church for the good of humanity. Shall commercialized enterprises reap the reward of a saloonless community or will your church under your beneficent, Christian leadership fill the gap? Will you let blood and thunder—or worse—get the audiences? Will you provide the thing that will give your church a new hold on humanity? This is the greatest *new* opportunity the Church has known since its modern development. Men of God, get a grip on this—perhaps last—opportunity of your lifetime to develop the Church into a 100% servant of humanity. Do it now before the day is gone and your chance is lost forever. You have it in your power to be a new Herald of the Cross, by bringing together, under clean, wholesome, Christian influences, the men, women and children whose social leader the Community Church can and should be. Grasp this force, this twentieth century talisman, under the potency of *Life* you can entertain, educate, stimulate, inspire, and prove

Christianity the Most Fascinating Thing in the World

Pictures for Sundays that actually preach and help make the Christian religion winsome, real; pictures for week nights that entertain and teach in the *universal language* will draw men, women, and children to your community center. If you, with this program, with clean, wholesome, entertaining, educational pictures, can get the masses to attend your community center instead of the unwholesome and objectionable places, at no actual cost to you or your church, why hesitate? Call your official Board together at once to consider a question that is so vital to the souls of men, to your church, to your community.

How to Secure a Moving Picture Equipment

A group of Christian men have organized the International Church Film Corporation for the express purpose of making it easy for churches in any community to secure films in large variety—biblical, educational, entertaining, with weekly changes, of the highest grade of excellence in the way of artistic and mechanical production. Prudent management on the part of church and pastor will at once make this plan self-supporting, stimulate church attendance, and become a source of revenue for local church support. A few men can be found in every church or community to underwrite the trifling first investment. Details are now available. You, as Pastor, and every member of your official Board, should at once become thoroughly familiar with the amazingly attractive opportunity this plan offers for establishing in your church a real Community Center.



INTERNATIONAL CHURCH FILM CORPORATION

REV. PAUL SMITH, President

Second Floor, FLATIRON BLDG., NEW YORK